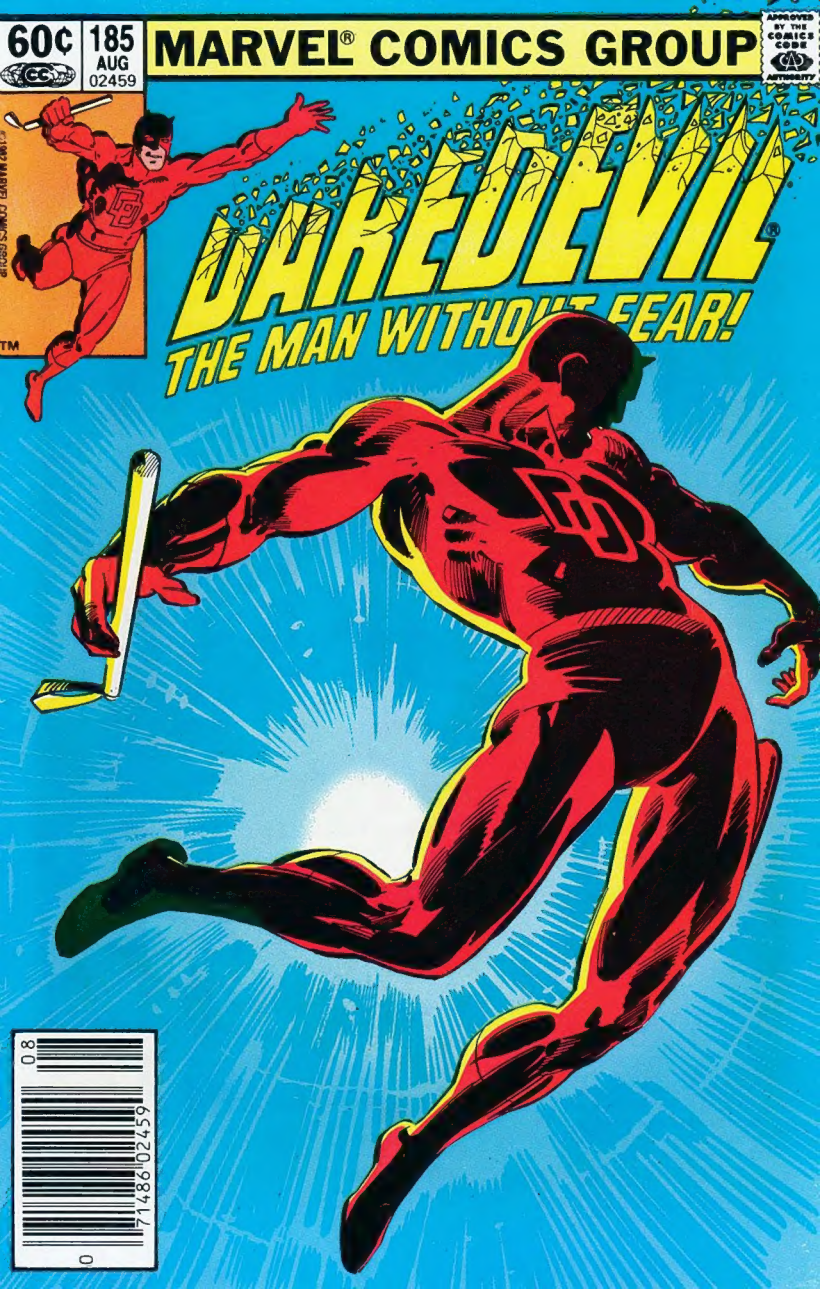
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THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
TM
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I'M WORKING LATE ON A STACK OF RED-HOT DEPOSITIONS WHEN THE SCENT OF TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLARS-AN-OUNCE PERFUME SNEAKS INTO MY NOSTRILS. I LOOK UP...
...AND THERE SHE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN ONRUSHING U-HAUL.
SHE'S HEATHER GLENN--MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL.
FOGGY?
"FOGGY"--THAT'S ME. FRANKLIN NELSON, ATTORNEY.
WHAT'S WRONG, HEATHER?
YOU AND MATT ON THE OUTS AGAIN?
NOT SINCE WEDNESDAY.
NO, I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THOUGHT I'D...
OH, WHAT'S THE USE...
I'M IN TROUBLE, FOGGY. DEEP TROUBLE.
AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN HELP ME.
Stan Lee PRESENTS
GUTS
MILLER SCRIPTER + STORYTELLER
JANSON PENCILER + INKER + COLORIST
ROSEN LETTERS
O'NEIL EDITOR
SHOOTER SUPERVISOR

IT'S MATT MURDOCK--MY PARTNER AND BEST BUDDY. A GREAT GUY, BUT A LITTLE STRANGE SOMETIMES.

LIKE RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE STANDS THERE MAKES ME THINK HE KNOWS EVERYTHING HEATHER JUST TOLD ME, EVEN THOUGH HE COULDN'T HAVE.

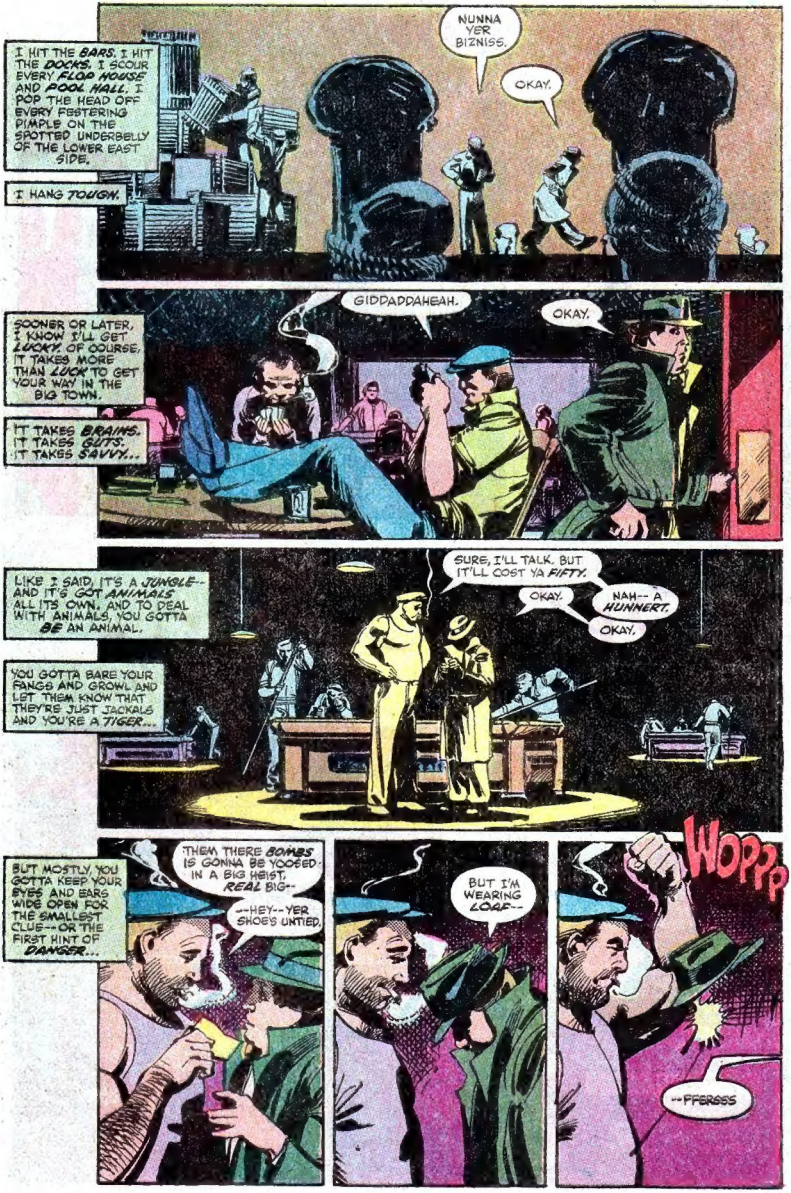
NOBODY'S GOT EARS LIKE THAT.

HOW SWEET OF YOU TO DROP BY.
GIVEN ANY MORE THOUGHT TO WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY? READY TO SETTLE DOWN AND MARRY ME--
--AND STOP PLAYING EXECUTIVE?
HEATHER--YOU'VE BEEN CRYING--
UM...
...SNEEZING'S MORE LIKE IT, MATT. HEATHER'S CAUGHT HERSELF A DOSE OF HAY FEVER.
UM...
HEY, OL' PAL, I WISH I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING BY. WOULD'VE MADE THE DINNER RESERVATIONS FOR THREE.
HEATHER AND I THOUGHT WE'D CHAT A BIT. BEEN MONTHS.
UM...
SAY, WE'RE RUNNING LATE!
SEE YA AROUND, MATT.
I DECIDE NOT TO TELL MATT WHAT'S GOING ON. IT'D ONLY WORRY HIM.
BESIDES, I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'M GETTING INTO.
THINGS COULD GET ROUGH.

IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES LONGER THAN USUAL TO CAB IT ACROSS TOWN.
BUT GRIDLOCK IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE STALL WE GET AT GLENN INDUSTRIES...
...THE PROPER MAINTENANCE OF SO MANY ACCOUNTS REQUIRES UTMOST CARE AND DELICACY--AND EVEN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SECRECY...
...SOME OF OUR MORE PROFITABLE CLIENTS MAY JUSTIFIABLY REQUIRE ANONYMITY, SO THAT THEY MAY INSURE--
JUST TELL ME WHY WE'RE MAKING BOMBS, MR. SPINDLE.
AND WHO FOR.
MAY I SUGGEST, MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE GIRL, THAT THE APPROPRIATE TIME TO EXPRESS DOUBTS OR OBJECTIONS TO THIS EXCHANGE--
--WAS BEFORE YOU SIGNED THIS PURCHASE ORDER?
IF GLENN INDUSTRIES IS INVOLVED IN ANY QUESTIONABLE ENTERPRISE--AND YOUR ATTORNEY MAY NOTE THAT I AM NOT SAYING THAT SUCH IS THE CASE--
--THEN, YOU ARE INVOLVED IN THAT HYPOTHETICAL ENTERPRISE AS DEEPLY AS WE ARE.

SPINDLE IS UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN, FOGGY, HE AS MUCH AS SAID SO!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
HEATHER, I'M HERE AS YOUR LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE, AT LEAST, I THINK I AM,
IT'S MY DUTY TO INSTRUCT YOU TO CALL THE POLICE.
NO!
MY FATHER PUT HIS WHOLE LIFE INTO THE BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO MAKE ALL THIS COME OUT OKAY. I WON'T GO TO THE POLICE--
--AND I CAN'T GO TO MATT, EITHER. HE'D JUST TELL ME TO GIVE IT UP. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME.
I-- I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS MYSELF.
SORRY, HEATHER. THAT WON'T WORK, EITHER.
SPINDLE IS PROBABLY HAVING YOU FOLLOWED.
NO. YOU GO STRAIGHT HOME.
THERE ARE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, COMMISSIONS, THAT CAN TELL US WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW. I'LL GO TO THEM.
AND I MAY RUN INTO A FOOT OR TWO OF RED TAPE, BUT I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS--
--NO IFS, ANDS, OR BUTS!

IF THE PROPER FILES AND RECORDS WERE TO BE REPORTED IN THE PROPER MANNER... THEN, WITH PROPER CROSS-INDEXING PROCEDURES, WE COULD...
THANKS ANYWAY.
Bureau of Industrial Statistics
AND FORM 6BXX12GG DOUBLE-NOUGHT MUST BE SUBMITTED TO AN IMPARTIAL BOARD OF BUREAUCRATIC PERSONNEL. A DELAY OF SIX MONTHS IS THE MINIMUM...
OKAY, OKAY...
Commission on Corporate Practices
BUT SUCH INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE ONLY WHEN THE REQUEST IS COUNTERSIGNED BY AT LEAST FOUR EXECUTIVE LEVEL REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PARENT CORPORATION...
Dept of Public Assess and Research
DID I SAY A FOOT OF RED TAPE? MAKE THAT A MILE.
A LONG, TWISTED MILE THAT LEADS ME NOWHERE.
SO THE STRAIGHT-AND-NARROW APPROACH GETS ME ZIP.
I'M NOT FINISHED.
NOT NEARLY.
AS NIGHT ENSHROUDS MANHATTAN LIKE A PUP TENT, I STALK THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD.
I AM A HUNTER.
THE CITY IS MY JUNGLE.
MY QUARRY WILL NOT ELUDE ME.

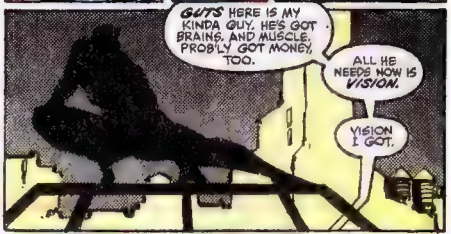

I HIT THE BARS. I HIT THE DOCKS. I SCOUR EVERY FLOP HOUSE AND POOL HALL. I POP THE HEAD OFF EVERY FESTERING PIMPLE ON THE SPOTTED UNDERBELLY OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE.
I HANG TOUGH.
NUNNA YER BIZNISS.
OKAY.
SOONER OR LATER, I KNOW I'LL GET LUCKY. OF COURSE, IT TAKES MORE THAN LUCK TO GET YOUR WAY IN THE BIG TOWN.
IT TAKES BRAINS. IT TAKES GUTS. IT TAKES SAVVY...
GIDDADDAHEAH.
OKAY.
LIKE I SAID, IT'S A JUNGLE-- AND IT'S GOT ANIMALS ALL ITS OWN. AND TO DEAL WITH ANIMALS, YOU GOTTA BE AN ANIMAL.
YOU GOTTA BARE YOUR FANGS AND GROWL AND LET THEM KNOW THAT THEY'RE JUST JACKALS AND YOU'RE A TIGER...
SURE, I'LL TALK. BUT IT'LL COST YA FIFTY.
OKAY.
NAH-- A HUNNERT.
OKAY.
BUT MOSTLY, YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN FOR THE SMALLEST CLUE--OR THE FIRST HINT OF DANGER...
THEM THERE BOMBS IS GONNA BE YOOSED IN A BIG HEIST. REAL BIG--
---HEY-- YER SHOE'S UNTIED.
BUT I'M WEARING LOAF--
WOPPP
--FFERSSS

SUCKERED!
I FLOAT IN A SILENCE QUIETER THAN AN EMPTY ASTRODOME... A DARKNESS BLACKER THAN A HERSHEY BAR.
THEN MY HEAD IS POUNDING WITH DULL PAIN AND I'M AWAKE...
AW, C'MON, MISTER SLAUGHTER-- LEMME JOIN THE GANG AGAIN. I'LL DO GOOD THIS TIME.
QUIET, TURK.
OUR GUEST IS COMING AROUND.
I'M WAIST DEEP IN HOT CHICKEN SOUP. THESE GUYS HAVE TO BE HOODS.
GOTTA THINK FAST.
UM...
THE NAME'S NELSON, "GUTS" NELSON.
UM...
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE INTO SOMBS. I WANT IN. SEE?
KILL HIM.
MISTER SLAUGHTER-- ABOUT THAT JOB--
SHUT UP, TURK.
NUTS. BRUNG HIM ALLA WAYS CROSS TOWN, JUST TA SNUFF HIM HERE.
AND SKINNY DIS GUY AIN'T.
HEY-- WHAT'S WID DA LIGHTS?

A LUCKY BREAK. SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED.
POIT
THEN I'M EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, CUTTING THROUGH THEM LIKE THEY'RE A BLIMEY'S LUNCH LINE, STRIKING QUICKLY, MERCILESSLY--JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS...
YEAH...THE OLD DAYS...
...WHEN IT WAS GUTS NELSON UP AGAINST PORKCHOP PETERSEN IN THE LAST SET OF THE LAST GAME OF THE AKRON, OHIO INTER-DIVISIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT. I WAS ON FIRE THEN, AND I'M ON FIRE NOW...
FAPP
THE BLOOD POUNDS A SYMPHONY IN MY VEINS. THE KILLER INSTINCT THAT IS A PART OF ALL MEN SURGES THROUGH ME LIKE SLOZZER--
-- AND I'M UNBEATABLE UNSTOPPABLE...
CHOK
CHAKK
THE LIGHTS!
I GOT 'EM, MISTER SLAUGHTER! I--
KLIK

HE-- HE MUSTA TAKEN THEM ALL OUT...JUST LIKE THAT...
TURK--SHOOT HIM.
CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK IF I DO?
IT'S YOURS, SHOOT HIM.

NAH.


GUTS HERE IS MY KINDA GUY. HE'S GOT BRAINS, AND MUSCLE. PROB'LY GOT MONEY, TOO.
ALL HE NEEDS NOW IS VISION.
VISION I GOT.

SO I'M WORKIN' FER HIM.

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES I THINK EVERYTHING'S OKAY. THEN TURK TAKES ME TO A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER AND A LOOK AT THE PLACE MAKES ME SMELL THAT CHICKEN SOUP AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME IT'S UP PAST MY WAIST AND AT MY ELBOWS.

AND CLIMBING.

GOT SOMEBODY HERE TO SEE THE BIG MAN, FLINT.

HE'S *BUSY*, TURK.

FOR YOU, HE'S *ALWAYS* BUSY.

SMARTEN UP, FLINT.

THIS HERE'S *GUTS NELSON*. I JUST SEEN HIM FLATTEN SLAUGHTER'S BOYS -- SIX OF 'EM -- IN ONE MINNIT FLAT.

YOU WANT THE *KINGPIN* TO HEAR YOU TURNED THIS KINDA TALENT AWAY?

SO I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE HERE.

BUT NO PROMISES.

LOOK, TURK. ALL I WANT IS THE DOPE ON THOSE *BOMBS*, SEE?

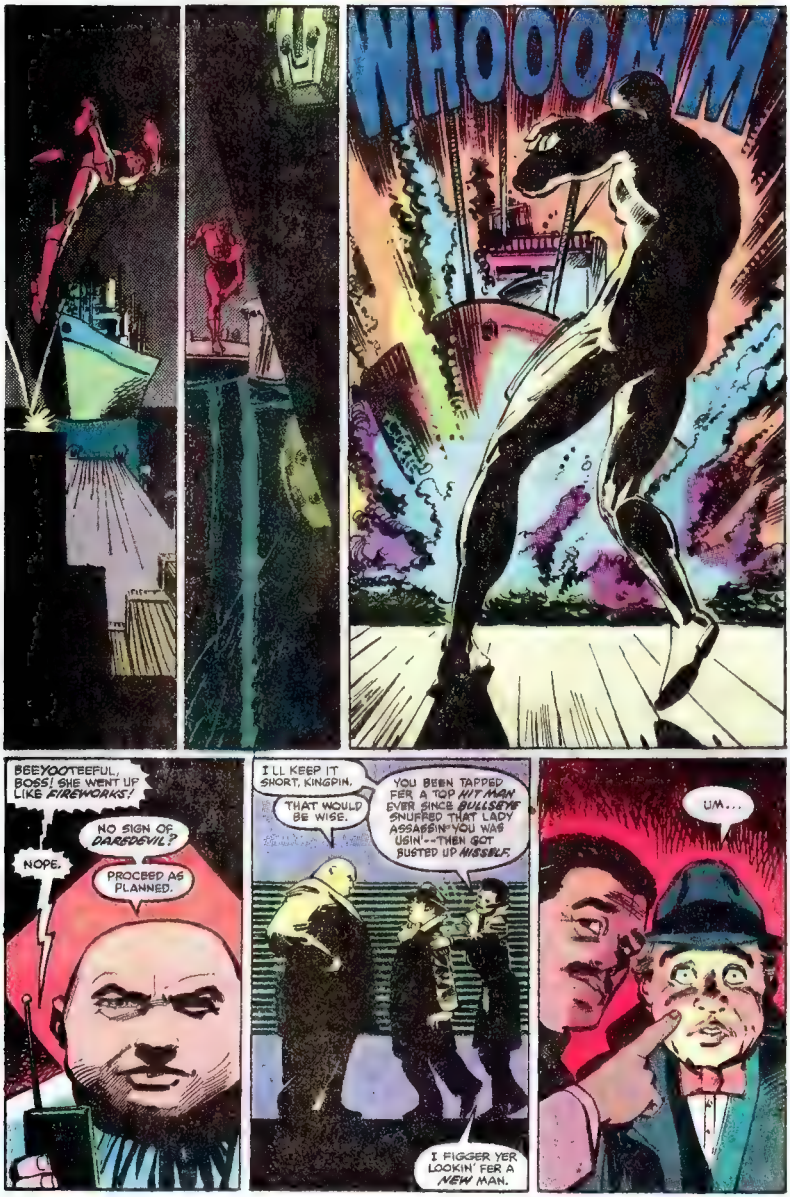
SURE, GUTS. SURE, WE'LL GET RIGHT TO THAT.

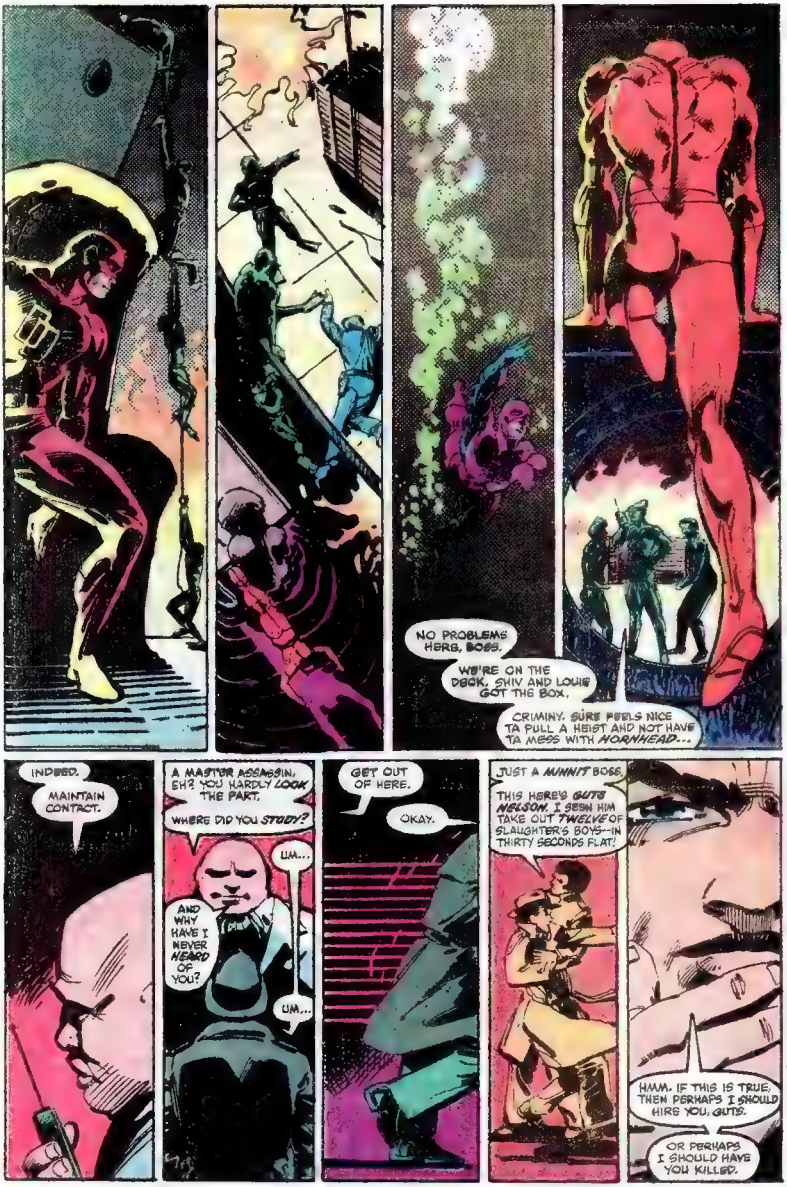
BUT I FIGGER MOVES LIKE *YERS* SHOULDN'T OUGHTTA BE *WASTED*.

BESIDES, THIS HERE'S THE *KINGPIN'S* JOINT. HE RUNS ALL THE MOBS IN *TOWN*.

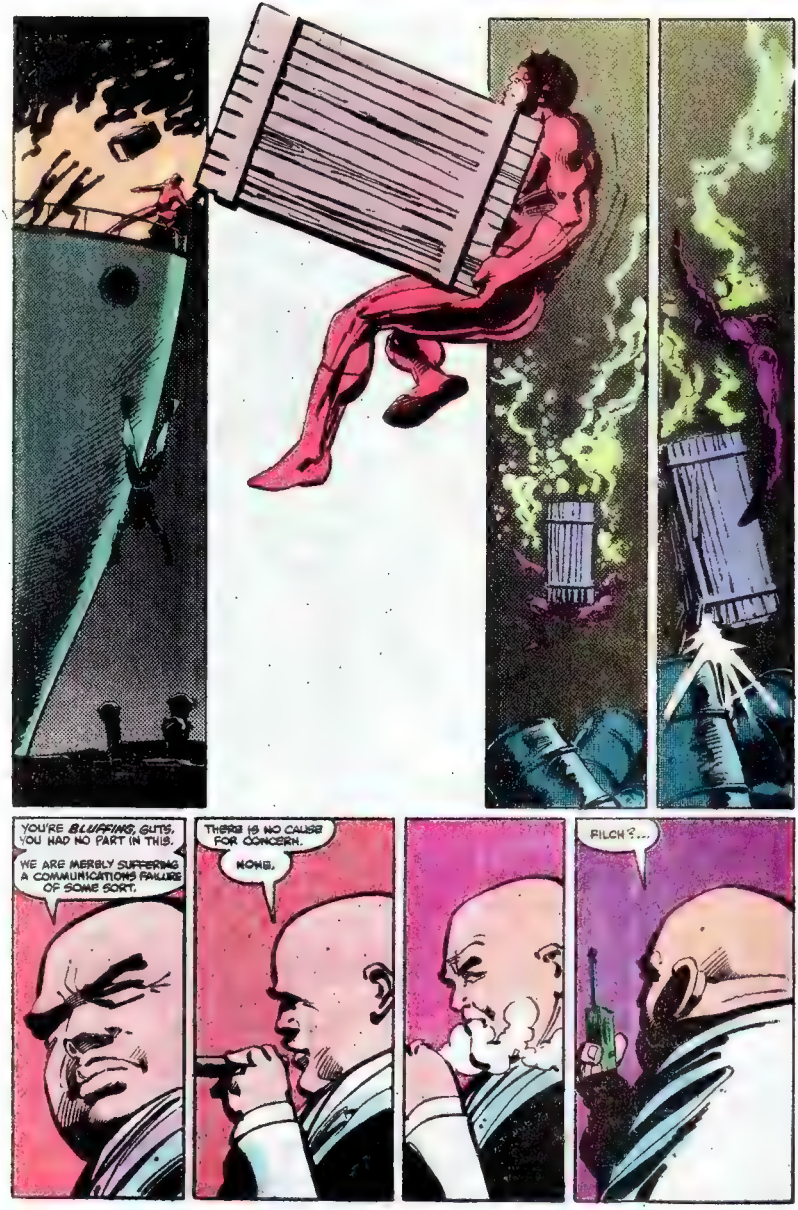
AND HE'S THE ONE WHO'S USIN' THEM *BOMBS*. FER A BIG *KNOCKOVER* ON PIER 47.

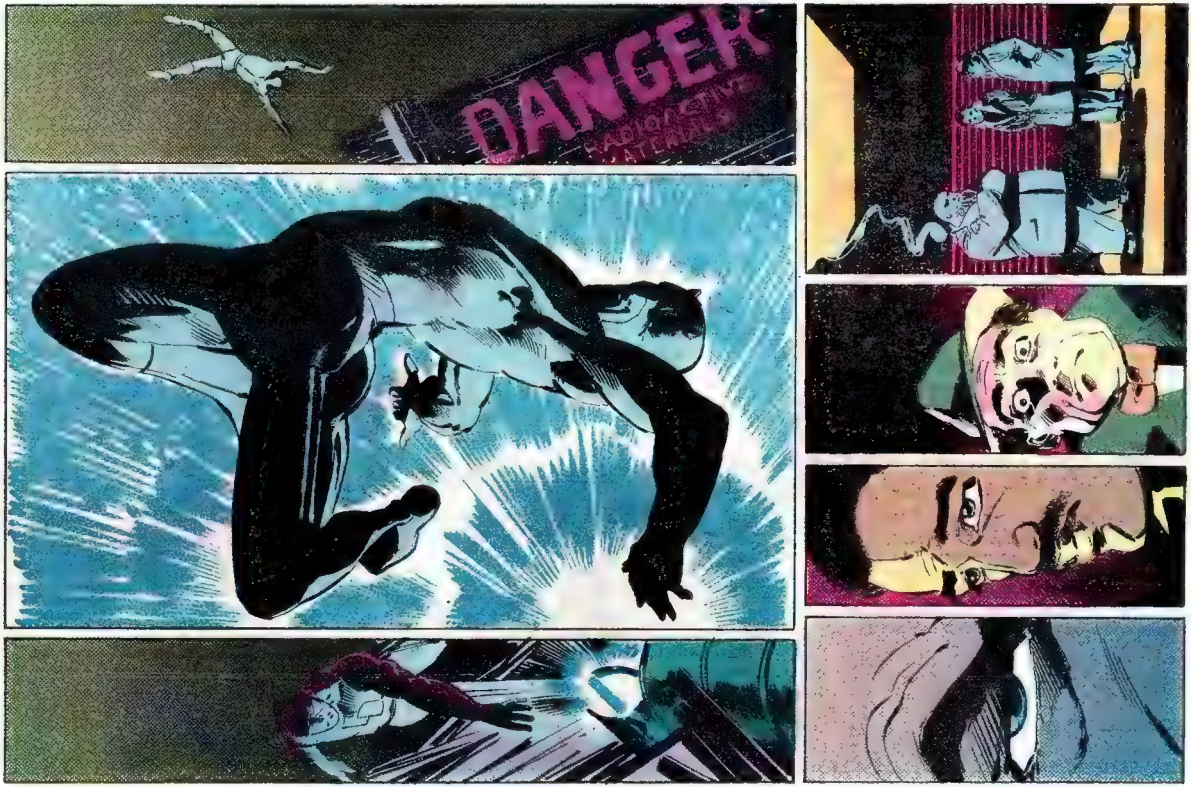
FLINT COMES BACK AND USHERS US INTO A BIG, DARK OFFICE. I SEE THE MAN THEY CALL THE KINGPIN--
--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M BREATHING CHICKEN SOUP.
GUARDS WERE NO TROUBLE, BOSS.
LOUIE'S SETTING THE CHARGES NOW.
SHIP'S ALL SET TO BLOW.
STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE.
UM...


WHOOOMM
BEEYOOTEEFUL, BOSS! SHE WENT UP LIKE FIREWORKS!
NO SIGN OF DAREDEVIL?
NOPE.
PROCEED AS PLANNED.
I'LL KEEP IT SHORT, KINGPIN.
THAT WOULD BE WISE.
YOU BEEN TAPPED FER A TOP HIT MAN EVER SINCE BULLSEYE SNUFFED THAT LADY ASSASSIN YOU WAS USIN'--THEN GOT BUSTED UP HISSELF.
I FIGGER YER LOOKIN' FER A NEW MAN.
UM...


NO PROBLEMS HERB, BOSS.
WE'RE ON THE DECK, SHIV AND LOUIE GOT THE BOX.
CRIMINY. SURE FEELS NICE TA PULL A HEIST AND NOT HAVE TA MESS WITH HORNHEAD...
INDEED.
MAINTAIN CONTACT.
A MASTER ASSASSIN, EH? YOU HARDLY LOOK THE PART.
WHERE DID YOU STUDY?
UM...
AND WHY HAVE I NEVER HEARD OF YOU?
UM...
GET OUT OF HERE.
OKAY.
JUST A MINNIT BOSS.
THIS HERE'S GUTS MALSON. I SEEN HIM TAKE OUT TWELVE OF SLAUGHTER'S BOYS--IN THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!
HMM. IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD HIRE YOU, GUTS.
OR PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE YOU KILLED.

UH OH.
BOSS, I THINK WE GOT A PROBLEM, AFTER ALL...
WHAT IS IT, FILCH? QUICKLY.
IT'S D--
URRGH!!
CHOK
THWAK
FILCH?
FILCH?
CONSIDER IT A WARNING, KINGSBY.
I GOT CONNECTIONS-- POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING YOU DOWN, SEE?


YOU'RE BLUFFING, GUTS, YOU HAD NO PART IN THIS.
WE ARE MERELY SUFFERING A COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE OF SOME SORT.
THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN.
NONE.
FILCH?...


DANGER
RADIOACTIVE
MATERIALS

WE...UH... HAD OURSELVES A LITTLE SETBACK...
BOSS, THIS IS GREASER.
BETTER CHECK IN WITH THE BOSS.
WHAT HAPPENED?
DAREDEVIL HAPPENED. GOT THAT SCUMBAG WE WAS AFTER.
THEY'RE BOTH IN THE DRINK NOW.
SO, IT WAS DAREDEVIL.
HE STAYED OUT OF SIGHT -- TRICKED ME INTO MAKING MY MOVE. HE IS A SHREWD OPPONENT. IN TIME I SHALL BE REQUIRED TO ELIMINATE HIM.
BUT HIS DEATH MUST WAIT.
YOURS, HOWEVER, IS AT HAND.
BZZT
FLINT, COME IN HERE.
BRING YOUR GUN.
BOSS! IT'S--
THWAKK

CHOKK
KKR
AKKK
GREASER?
GREASER...
FIVE WORDS, KINGPIN, AND I'LL ONLY SAY THEM ONCE.
DON'T MESS WITH GUTS NELSON.
YOU WANT THEM DEAD, BOSS?
IT'LL BE FUN WASTING TURK...
NOT... QUITE YET.
GUTS... WE MUST DISCUSS YOUR EMPLOY-MENT.
SURE.
HOW 'BOUT MONDAY?
HOW.

I SAID MONDAY, KINGSY.
NOW.
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, CHUBBS.
I GOT ME DAREDEVIL, RIGHT IN MY POCKET.
AND LIKE THE MAN SAID--
--DON'T MESS WITH ME.
MONDAY, THEN.
GUTS, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA GO PLACES...

...STILL CAN'T FIGGER WHY WE'RE GOIN' TO CHICAGO, GUTS.
I GOT CONNECTIONS TO MAKE, TURK.
YOU WANT TO BE MY MAIN MAN OR NOT?
SURE, SURE I DO! YOU KIDDIN'? I NEVER SAW NOBODY SPOOK THE KINGPIN BEFORE!
YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES, GUTS.
I FIGGER YOU NEED VISION, IS ALL.
VISION I-- HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?
LITTLE BOY'S ROOM.
BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, WE'RE TAKIN' OFF SOON.
HEY-- THE JOHN'S THAT WAY...
WHAT THE...
AW, NO...

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Frank and Klaus,

With the acquisition of the Punisher, it's easy to envision Daredevil's bicentennial issue.

In a scene reminiscent of page 2, panel 5 (DD#182), Matt Murdock opens his closet, revealing Spider-Man's costume.

Why so surprised? At Frank's present rate of procurement, all of Spidey's most prominent foes should be incorporated in Daredevil's magazine in the next 18 months. Then there'll be little reason for Peter Parker to maintain his alter ego.

Jeffrey Lowndes
809 Sunset St
Scranton, PA

Dear Frank and Klaus,

EC Horror Comics of the '50s. Tomb of Dracula. Haunt of Horror. Marvel Chillers. Dracula Lives. Zombie Tales.

All the above were comics designed to frighten, chill, thrill, and basically scare the living hell out of anybody gutsy enough to read them. Now add DAREDEVIL to that list, 'cause DD#182 succeeded at this far more than any of the others.

"She's Alive" stands out as one of the scariest stories ever told. It is also the first time I've seen a superhero undergo a classic case of denial this extreme. From Matt's staring into oblivion, thinking Elektra somehow survived her death, to his eerie behavior at the office, the Kingpin's subtle yet powerful question ("Daredevil . . .are you ill?"), to the final scene at the cemetery, the sweat was pouring down my face. Thank you for putting your sweat into this most offbeat of stories, and for creating a sensitive, delicate and realistic portrait of a man who has lost his love. So realistic, in fact, that I sit in front of my TV set waiting for a newsflash proclaiming, "Daredevil goes mad—film at eleven."

Stu Krull
28 Kettle Creek Rd
Freehold, NJ

Dear Frank and Klaus,

Nothing seems more sad and frightening than to watch a man who has fought for justice all his life, only to find it crumble inside as the woman he loved and loves dies in his arms. But good always triumphs over evil, doesn't it? Then why is Elektra dead and Bullseye alive? And what about Daredevil? To be a hero does not mean that one is immune to emotional pain. These are sad and confusing times for Daredevil and certainly a turning point in the hero's life. I know that under Miller's care, Daredevil will, in time, overcome his grief. But Daredevil will never be the same. Beware, those who cross DD's path, for a man, even a hero, can take only so much . . .I suspect that the reign of the Kingpin is soon to come to an end.

Kevin Roberts
Newton, Mass.

Dear Frank and Klaus,

My first reaction to DAREDEVIL #181 was strongly mixed. On the one hand, it was a visually stunning (a phrase that is fast becoming synonymous with DAREDEVIL) and unusually well scripted issue. But I just had to wonder if it was all that necessary. Let me explain my philosophy on the death of a hero.

I do not object to heroes dying off, or villains either. But I believe it must be strongly thought out. is there really good reason to kill off this character? Does it enhance the storyline? Does it accomplish something constructive? By killing this character, am I saying something I couldn't say any other way?

The death of Thunderbird was a necessary death, in that it showed the grim reality that being an X-man, or a super-hero in general, is not a game. It also foreshadowed the death of Phoenix. On top of this, Thunderbird was not a terribly unique character. The pros far outweigh the cons in that case.

The same was true with Phoenix. In killing Jean Grey, Chris made the definitive statement about power, responsibility, and nobility. To have Professor Xavier cure Jean would have been ducking an important issue.

However, I was not convinced that Elektra had to die. It seemed almost a cop-out, avoiding a direct, final confrontation between her and Matt. What purpose did it serve, I asked myself. What point did her death make? How in the world could this enhance the plotting of the book, by avoiding the conflict and tension that should have mounted slowly between Daredevil and Elektra? I decided to see how you handled her death in subsequent issues before I passed judgement.

I am glad I did. Issue #182 was as stunning and moving, if not moreso, than #181. But more than that, you turned Elektra's death into an important, central concern of the book. Of course, you should have, but I was afraid at the end of #181 that Matt would mourn for her a little, and then get back together with Heather, and everything would return to normal. Thank God you took the time to turn this into something which is much more than just another chapter in DD's life.

I don't know where you are going to take Matt's grief. I don't know how he can possibly go on living his life as he did before, and I don't know how he can be happy with Heather. But I do know that Elektra did not die in vain. She has become, in death, the catalyst for what I hope will be some major changes in Matthew Murdock's life.

Geoffrey W. Schmidt
160 Rear Grove Drive
Wellesley, MA 02181

Dear Frank and Klaus,

DAREDEVIL #182 was everything you promised, and more. But it's the last page of the story that compels me to write. Powerful, gripping, heart rending, tragic—that one page is so intense with emotion that it's almost frightening. Poor Matt—grim-visaged throughout the entire issue, driven, relentless, possessed by forces beyond his control. Out of his mind, indeed. Loving Elektra, bitterly hating her for dying, consumed by a blind and insane passion, peaking in his tormented graveyard scream, a primal letting-go that finally snaps him back to pathetic reality—poor, poor Matt. As he cries over her cold body, defeated and helpless, he's not admitting his love for Elektra to Foggy. He's admitting it, finally, to himself. Why is it that truths about oneself must, so often, be laid bare by pain? I felt Matt's shock and anguish. I wanted to hold and comfort him, as Foggy did. Again, Frank, you've touched home with this one.

The art, as usual, is incomparable. Your storytelling is unmatched. It's obvious that you are sincere, enthusiastic, and serious about each page you produce. When I read your work, I have a hard time remembering this is comics, after all! That's your gift—and a gift, thereby, to all your fans. Thanks again.

Diana Schutz
6616 Telegraph Ave #103
Oakland, CA

Dear Frank and Klaus,

Anent issue 182—PERFECTO MUNDO!!!
(But she isn't *really* dead, is she?
IS she?!!
IS SHE!!!)

John Pocsik
Kansas City, MO

Dear Frank and Klaus,

I hope you are satisfied. You are inexorably ruining my health.

I have high blood pressure you see. When it was first diagnosed, years ago, my doctor prescribed DAREDEVIL comics to calm my nerves. At that time, it was at least *reassuring*.

But no longer. I've never seen the likes of *this* Daredevil before. Frankly, I don't know quite what to expect from you anymore. Elektra dead? An after-the-fact admission by Matt Murdock that he loved her *right up to the end*? Which transforms his previously witnessed determination to bring her to justice . . .transparent! He loved her. Fancy that.

DAREDEVIL is the most exciting comic to come along in years. But I don't need excitement. I need peace and quiet.

My doctor won't take me off DAREDEVIL because he refuses to believe a comic book could be so good. And my blood pressure continues to rise.

So I turn to you, Frank, for help. Please—stop transcending the medium as we know it. Throw in a super-gorilla or two. Or how about a boy sidekick? Or maybe some radioactive rocks that affect Daredevil, but nobody else (Elektranite?).

It may not make me happy, but it'd do wonders for my health.

Steve Billnitzer
1084 Eastbrook
Gerrysburg, OH

NEXT ISSUE: The fate of Glenn Industries! Heather's answer! All this, plus the return of one of Daredevil's oldest foes . . .sort of.